



MISHA



CHILDREN'S
ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY

2/1988

Published in English, French, German, Hungarian, Italian, Russian and Spanish

IN THIS ISSUE:

Drawings,
poems
and riddles
sent in by our
readers,
young boys
and girls
from around
the world,
amusing
stories,
tales
and interviews



Hey kids, did you notice the pretty drawing on the front cover? It was sent to us by a little girl from Romania—Nina Rosca. She titled it "We Want Peace!" These pages are filled with letters and nifty drawings from young readers of other countries.

Long-time readers of **Misha** know that each issue contains pages like these. Kids not only draw, they make up stories, poems and riddles which **Misha** is delighted to publish. This issue is somewhat special in that it consists almost entirely of mail we've received.

Our children's poems and riddles form a whole mini-book, then there are illustrated stories sent in by friends of **Misha**—writers and journalists; **Misha** also offers you answers by experts to your inquisitive questions.

Misha absolutely loves to get letters. The reason is simple: they help us with our work. Boys and girls write in to tell us what they like or don't like about our magazine and what they would like to read in future issues. So you see, the more letters we get with comments, requests, drawings, poems and so forth, the more interesting our magazine is. Please, give **Misha** a hand—read an issue or two of our magazine, then send us a letter telling us.

What you would like to read about, who you would like to know more about and which folk or fairy-tales you would like us to publish.

Send us your drawings, stories, riddles and poems.



"Home for Misha and Its Friends".
Kimmo Bellmann, Sweden



"I've Come to You From a Fairy-Tale".
Monika Stelmach, Poland



"Lion". Prashant Sengal, India



"Butterfly". Deliana Gencheva, Bulgaria



"The Tent in My Garden".
Andrea Cellini, Italy



MISHA's Mailbag
Editorial office: 8, Ulitsa
Moskvina, Moscow
103772, USSR

"Me and My Soviet Friend Vika".
Blanka Hamplova, Czechoslovakia

Dear Editor!

I urge you to print this letter so that parents and children may learn from the misfortune that befell my friend at a carnival shooting gallery. Some boy accidentally fired at my friend and the pellets struck him in the eyes, blinding him for life. I think the carnival owner was also to blame for having the game in the first place. But he went unpunished. Our country doesn't have any laws that would make him liable for such accident. Please, fathers, mothers and all you grown-ups out there: do everything you can to see that carnivals and amusement parks are prohibited from allowing guns and other types of toys that can maim kids.

JORGE DOUGLAS MENDEZ, Peru



A RUN-IN WITH A CAT

CIRANO FUSI

My name's Dewdrop. I'm a fieldmouse and if there's one thing I'm afraid of, it's cats and mousetraps. That's why I steer clear of places where people live.

One fine morning when I was strolling about not far from my burrow, wondering where I could pick up some breakfast, I ran into my old friend Aster who told me that he'd moved into an old woman's home where there was plenty of good food and it was all there for the taking.

"But surely there are mousetraps and cats there?" I said.

"You can always outsmart mousetraps and there's only one cat. His name's Tiger. All you have to do is stay out of his sight and you've got it made," my friend remarked with a chuckle.

Aster's self-assurance was so emboldening that I decided to follow him home. He took me down into the cellar and showed me around. Wow! I couldn't believe the selection: cheeses and sausages galore!

"You see this, Dewdrop?" Aster asked, pointing to a strange object. "It's a mousetrap."

If you try to walk off with that piece of cheese there, you're a goner! But if you go about my way..."

And the spunky mouse took a twig and thwacked the cheese for all he was worth. The mousetrap instantly snapped shut, crunching the twig. Aster then calmly removed the cheese, broke off a piece for me and exclaimed: "You see? Nothing could be simpler!"

I was rapturous. Forgetting all my fears, I proceeded to gorge myself. It was positively scrumptious! Then Aster suggested that I sample some olive oil.

We mice have a prodigious liking for olive oil. I go bananas over it myself.

In the corner stood several unopened bottles of oil. Grabbing onto a mesh covering we clambered up the neck of the bottle, only to discover that it was sealed with a large cork. But then Aster pulled out a small round piece of the cork: he had already gnawed out a hole and then concealed it!

"A ton of work went into making this hole and then camouflaging it!" Aster noted with evident pride. "But it was worth the effort!"

Well, don't just sit there, lower a string into it, then lick off the oil. It's delicious!"

Delicious is right. I'd never tasted anything like it before.

But then suddenly Aster yells out: "Run for it! Tiger's here!"

And Aster was off like a shot. Well, it took me a second or two to realise what was going on. After all, I had just had a full meal and was feeling stuffed. But as soon as I saw those two big eyes glowing in the dark I realised that a tiger cat was about to lunge at me! Frightened out of my wits I dropped to the floor and hightailed it between some baskets and bottles.

The cat kept right at my heels, toppling everything in its path, including the bottle of olive oil. The floor was so slippery that I fell and had all I could do to wriggle into a narrow passage between two large bottles that had been propped against the wall. The cat ran smack into a bottle, whacked its head and let out a furious howl.

Suddenly the cellar fell deathly silent. Thinking that perhaps the cat had tired of chasing me I peered out cautiously from my refuge. Tiger lay motionless on the floor with his eyes closed, pretending he was asleep. But then the tip of his tail twitched just enough to give him away.

And you know, it was that very tail that saved me. The tip of it was right over a mousetrap just like the one my friend had demonstrated to me. A desperate thought entered my mind. Trying not to make even the slightest stir I inched my way through the narrow passageway between the bottles and the wall, seized a twig lying on the floor and shoved it as hard as I could into the piece of cheese which lay right next to the cat's tail.

THWAP!!

There was a terrible wail. Then I saw the cat, utterly overcome with pain and fury, bolt off with the mousetrap clamped onto its tail. At this point who should show up out of nowhere but Aster.

"Bully for you! That's the spirit! Marvellous, Dewdrop, you were simply marvellous! Now we can rest assured that Tiger won't show his mean puss around here for a while. It'll be one long feast for us from now on."

This time, however, I was not to be taken in.

"Listen," I said to Aster. "You can have your cheeses and sausages. I think I'll stick to my grass and berries. I, for one, can do without these ghastly experiences!"

Believe me, a peaceful life—simple as it may be—is the most precious thing in the world.

Drawings by LEVON KHACHATRIAN



JIMMY THE ROADBUILDER

We received this story from SNEED B COLLARD of California, USA. The illustrations for it were done by IGOR OLEINIKOV



One day, Jimmy got an idea "I think I'll build a road," he said. He decided to build his road by widening the path that already went to the pond. The path went through a grove of trees, across the wild oats field, and over Rabbit's Hill. Grabbing

a shovel and a rake, Jimmy went to work. He moved many fallen sticks and logs. He even cut down a sapling. Jimmy dug up many of the oats and forced a family of field mice to leave their home.



The road grew to the foot of Rabbit's Hill. "What are you doing?" asked Rabbit. "I'm building a road to the pond," Jimmy replied. "Why?" "To make a bigger place to walk on," "The path seems just the right size how it is," said Rabbit. "Besides,

don't you care that you cut down that little tree and moved the family of field mice?" This made Jimmy mad. "There are plenty of places for the field mice," he said.



When Jimmy had built his road he stepped back to admire it. "What do I do next?" he wondered. And he decided to build another. "I think I'll build a road to the horse pasture." The horses didn't see any need for a road but they said nothing. Then he got

a tractor and built a road around the pond. Soon, he even built roads between all the other roads. Then he widened the roads to make them even bigger.



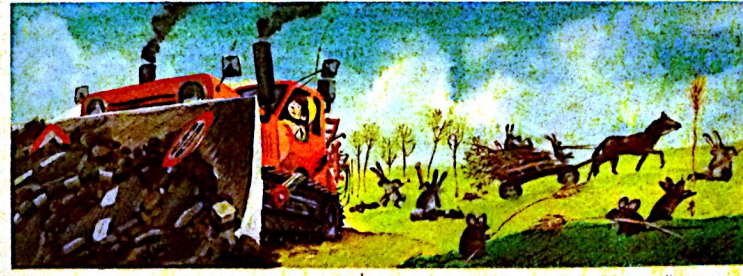
Then came the rains. They washed away all the dirt and carved big ditches in everything—including Jimmy's wonderful roads. "Roads may look fine and wonderful for a while, but they don't give you

a place to live," said Rabbit. "Or grass to eat," said Horse. "Or water to drink," squeaked Mice. "In the end, roads are just roads," all the animals said.



Jimmy was crushed. But then he got another idea. "Can I build a road over Rabbit's Hill? I promise it will be the best road in the world with wide, wide surfaces and the flattest..." "No," said the animals. "We have a path over Rabbit's Hill and that is

enough!" Jimmy turned and walked away unhappily. "Jimmy!" Rabbit called. "We're going to plant trees and grass where all your roads used to be. Can you help us?"

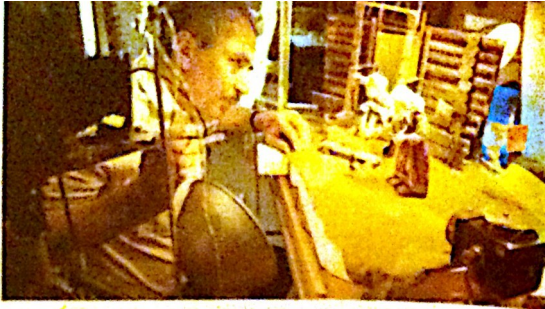


Jimmy looked out over the broken, muddy earth and began to miss all of the trees and the oats fields and wished they were all back again. Together, the animals and Jimmy set to work making the earth beautiful again. The animals

planted trees and flowers and wild oats. Jimmy used his bulldozer to fill in the ugly ditches and holes. Soon, in fact, Jimmy worked harder to cover up his roads than he had worked to build them in the first place.

Dear Misha:
I read in one of your issues about Georgi Kuprianov, the good wizard from Moscow. I just think that his photographs are gorgeous. How on earth does he do them?

MUSAN ANTOL, Romania
Masha took his camera to the wonderful artist's work shop. Georgi was making a photograph based on the Russian fairy tale "The Speckled Hen". As you can see, it's not simple work.



THE MIRACLE-WORKER



Misha's readers will soon find out what, after all, happened to the Speckled Hen. Meanwhile, we offer you a new work by Kuprianov—his photo illustration to the famous fable "Crow and Fox". And this is how the fable goes:

Crow, on a fir-tree sitting,
Was lost in pleasurable thoughts

Of how nice the cheese
would taste
(She held it in her beak).

Alas, Fox was running by in haste

And, fascinated by the smell,
Fox stopped dead.

"The cheese! It will be mine!" flashed through his head.

"You're a beauty,
if there ever was one, I vow,"

He presently addressed Crow.

"Your plumage's exquisite—
your beak sublime—

"I'd just give anything
to hear your voice divine!"

In answer to such praise,
Crow cawed.

The cheese went down, of course.

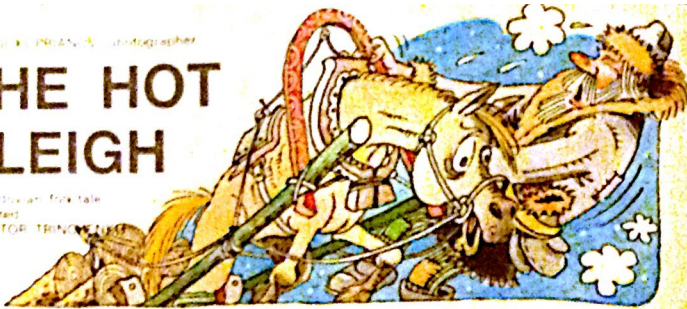
Fox fell on his prey.
And very soon was far away.



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THE HOT SLEIGH

A Russian folk tale
by VICTOR TRIVINSKY



A peasant was riding up a wintery road in his sleigh and noticed that his horse was very weary. He gripped hold of the shaft and also began to

help pull the load. He, too, grew very exhausted from his efforts. Sweat streamed down his face.



And so the rich man and the peasant went through with the swap. The rich man was so delighted that he threw in his sheepskin coat—after all, who

needs a coat in a hot sleigh? The old man put on the coat, cracked his riding whip and the troika was off.



Soon the road began to descend. The peasant mounted the sleigh and rode on—without his hat or mittens. A lazy rich man in a fine three-horse carriage drove by and cried out: "Why are you so



warm in cold weather like this?" "My sleigh is hot." The rich man's eyes lit up. "How about trading my troika for your sleigh?"



The rich man bade his coachman onto the sleigh and he himself stretched out, removed his hat and gloves and waited for the sleigh to heat up. He sat

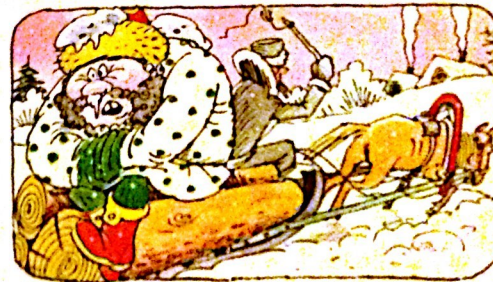


there and he sat there until his skin was blue from the cold. "Step on it!" he barked at the coachman. "Or I'm going to turn into an icicle!"



"It would be a shame to part with such a sleigh," replied the peasant. "Oh, but you can make another one that'll be even hotter!" "Have it your

way. Only I won't sell the sleigh without the horse. If you want, I'll trade the horse and sleigh for your troika."



The coachman tugged at the reins, and cracked his whip until beads of sweat formed on his brow. But the horse could hardly stand on its feet. Meanwhile the rich man's teeth chattered like castanets.

Seeing that there was nothing more to be done he leaped off the hot sleigh and dashed home to warm up.



LET'S PLAY WITH A BEAR

Have you ever read any of the fairy-tales by the well-known West German story-teller Ottfried Preussler? When he was a boy he used to watch clowns at carnivals entertain crowds with a trained bear. Now as a grown-up he offers Misha's readers a game with a bear.

Don't worry, it's nothing to be afraid of. One of you will be the bear. Make a mask and furry cape to play the part. Then choose someone to be the clown. Don't forget to make a bright hat for the clown to wear.

The game can be played any place where there's lots of room to move around, preferably outside. Any number of kids can play. Everyone stands in a circle. The clown leads in the bear who roars good and loud.

Kids:

Clown, clown, come over here
And bring the bear into the ring.
We want to see it dance and sing.

Clown:

All of you come over here
To get a fine view of my fine bear.
He'll whirl and twirl and gambol galore
And then he'll ask you to join him for more.

The bear dances in a circle. The kids clap their hands.

We all can see now,
You really know how
To dance like a regular master.
Give us your paw and take a bow,
And dance some more, dancemaster.
Then one of the players asks the clown: "What

else can your bear do?" And the clown replies:
"Oh, he can do lots of things!"

The kids tell the bear to do different things: jump on one foot, move backwards on all fours, do a somersault. Each time the bear performs a trick the clown praises him or her with a Bravo, Bravissimo!

The bear carries out a few orders, roars and shakes his head.

Clown:

Come on, dancing bear, dance some more.

Bear:

I danced with joy,
I danced with grace,
And now I ask you:
Please take my place!

Here the bear taps one of the other children in the circle who becomes the next bear. The clown helps the new bear put on the mask and the cape.

Kids:

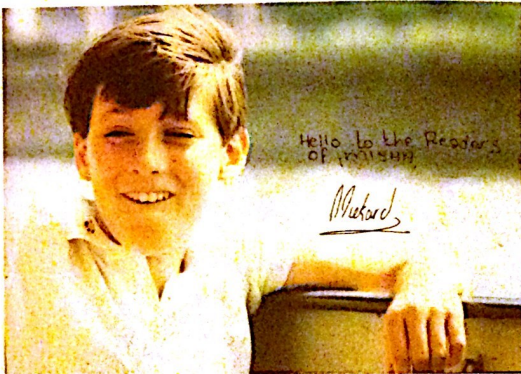
Clown, clown, come over here
And bring the bear into the ring.
Please bear, please bear,
Stay here, stay here!

The clown repeats what he said the first time. And the game is repeated. When everyone is tired of playing the clown says:
That's all for now.
That's it for today.
We've had our fun,
We've had our play.

Drawing
by DMITRY SARABASH



Jump on one's trusty steed, ride like the wind, up, up the rugged cliffs towards the mysterious castle. What boy wouldn't like to take part in adventures like these? Eleven-year-old Nicolas Pickard of England eagerly agreed when Soviet film-maker Vladimir Grammatikov offered him the leading role in the film "Mio, My Mio". The director chose Nick from among 120 other boys trying out for the part. Nick benefitted no doubt from the courses he took at an acting school before the auditions. And so clutching the sorcerer's beard Nick flies far



NICOLAS PICKARD in MOSCOW

above the sea, makes his way through a deep dark forest, clashes with an evil knight. All before a movie camera, of course. The film took three and a half months to shoot. Nick spent some time in the Scandinavian city of Stockholm, got to sample some nippy winds in Scotland and some

warm zephyrs here in the south of our country along the Black Sea, then he shot some segments in a Moscow studio. When the film was ready to be released Nick came back to Moscow to meet with young audiences attending the movie.

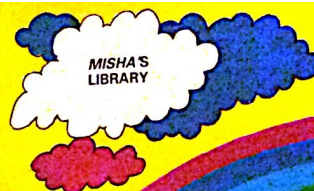
KSENIA STREKALOVA



"Hello to all you readers of MISHA!" wrote Nicolas on the photograph our correspondent took. Scenes from the film "Mio, My Mio"

14

Photographer by
ALEXANDER BORODIN
and VLADIMIR MAIKOVSKY



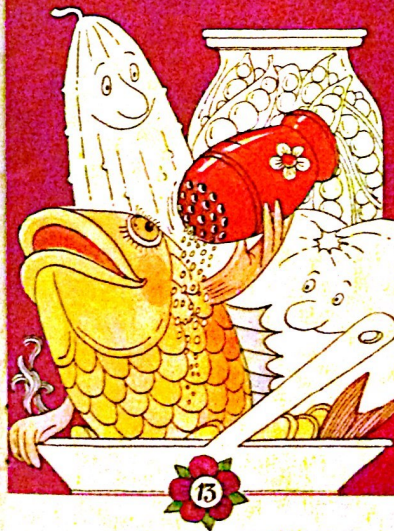
100 FLOWERS



ALESSANDRO AMOROSO,
Italy

MIRACLES OF NATURE

Miracles of Nature, I know quite a few—
For example, rivers, silvery and blue;
Grasses green,
and groves full of orange flowers
Sprinkled with the dew-drops
in the early hours;
Mountains turning violet
in the sunset glow—
That I call a miracle
for all that I know.
Nature in its coffer
has colours and paints galore
I have named a few of them,
can you add some more?





1

JAMILEY ORTEGA,
Nicaragua

A PINCH OF WHAT?

*It was extracted from the rock,
Evaporated from the sea
They add a pinch of it when cooking
Whatever food for you and me.
Without it the food tastes strange,
A pinch of it brings drastic change.*

(1953)

11



5

MAGDALENA IRIS ROJAS,
Peru

IN WINTER I SHALL MAKE YOU WARM

*In spring I wear a light green gown,
In summer I put on a crown,
In winter I shall make you warm
But for this purpose I must burn.*

(1944-1971)

10

LETSI BOFFILL CARMONA,
Cuba

THE TALE OF HOW A BOY STOPPED THE STORM

*The waves grow bigger and bigger in form,
But on strives the sailboat, despising the storm
The sails are already quite heavy and wet,
But boldly goes on the little corvette.
Not chance of it reaching the far-away shore...
But oh!... No waves, no gale any more.
No waves, no whirlpools, no rain, no hail
What's happened?—
The boy has ceased being the gale.*

3



12

KRISTIN DITZEL,
GOR

AUTUMN HAS COME

*Pull up the curtains and look out:
See someone roaming in the dale,
With his old brush he's mixing colours:
Bright-red and golden, in his pail.
Make no noise, please take care,
Into the street, please, don't you rush,
Or Mr. Autumn can get scared
And put away his magic brush.*

7



8

STELLA DRAGANOVA,
Bulgaria

A PLATE OF CORN

*Of choice corn a dark-blue plate
Don't tarry, birds, or you'll be late!
For with the sun's first golden ray
The plate shall vanish, melt away.*

(ANSWER: 11)



VERA NÁDASI,
Hungary

FIREFLIES

*Into the orchard I step in the twilight.
See in the grass little lights?
Like tiny stars they're silently twinkling,
Winged and small fireflies.*

*Blue lively lights in my palm I am holding.
The night no longer seems dark,
Down the path I am merrily going.
Look! With a handful of stars!*



GOOD AFTERNOON!

For the third year now Misha has been playing with you using Russian letters and words. You already know the alphabet and some of the common words. But if you join our game for the first time don't be at a loss: it's quite easy to solve crossword puzzles. Today we'll begin a trip over the Soviet Union starting from Moscow. A small boy, hero of BORIS ZHITKOV's book "What I've Seen" will travel with us.

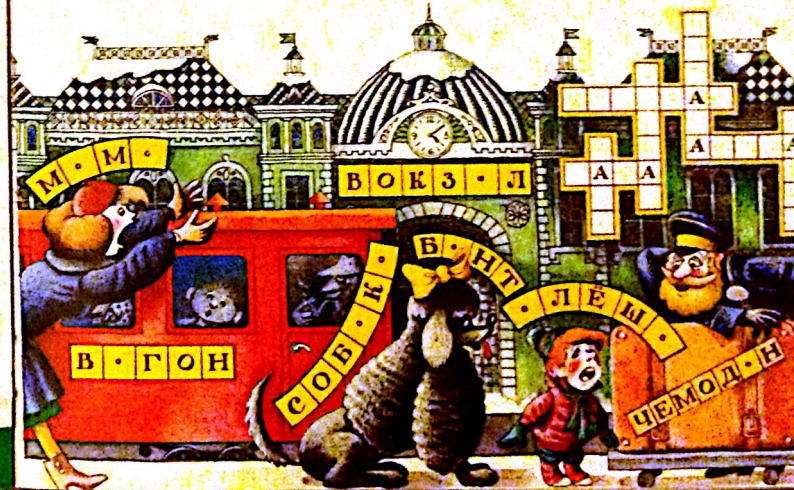
HOW MY MUMMY GOT LOST

I always keep asking everybody: "Why is it so?" That's the reason I was dubbed The Why Asker though my real name is Alesha (Алеша, al'osha). Once mummy and I decided to go to my grandparents by train. We came to a platform to get into our carriage (sarokh, vagón). And all of a sudden I saw a woman leading a black curly dog (sofaka, sabaka) on a chain. The dog had a big yellow bow (bánt, bant) on its head, like a little girl. I wondered: "Why is it so?" and followed them. For a few moments though. Suddenly I heard a porter's voice behind: "Be careful!" He was pushing

a cart with a trunk (chemodán, ch'i:madán) on it. Afraid of being run over by this cart I ran away. This very moment my mummy got lost! And at that very instant the whole railway station (stotsán, vagzá) resounded by a thundering announcement: "The train is leaving!" and something else. I burst out crying: the train was leaving and mummy wasn't there. Then a woman came up to me to ask what the matter was. I explained: "Mummy (mama, mamá) got lost." She cheered me up, promised to find my mother. Then she brought me to a room full of toys where boys and girls were playing. When we sat on a sofa the woman asked my name. "I am Alesha, and The Why Asker, too," I answered. She left me for a while and suddenly I heard the same thundering voice: "A boy by the name Alesha The Why Asker is in the mother-and-child room." The woman came back saying: "Soon we'll find your mother." And indeed: the door flung open and into the room ran my mother. I shouted: "Mummy!" and she embraced me. I didn't blame her for she wasn't guilty that the dog had a yellow bow.

HOME WORK: The Russian letter "A" was lost together with Alesha's mother. Put it back in the right place and it will help you find out the words you need for the crossword puzzle.

Drawing by ALEXANDER ARTEMOV



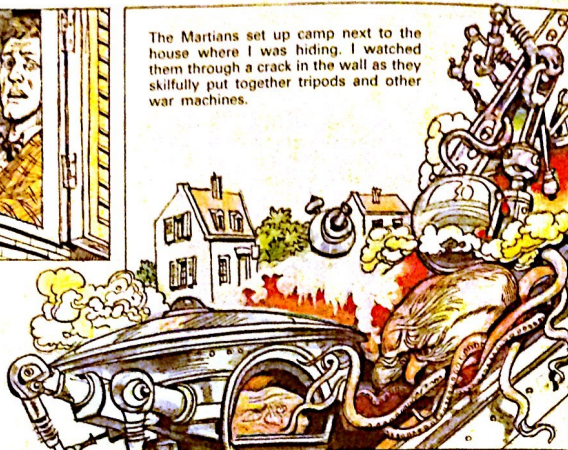
A Martian spaceship has landed on Earth. Its monstrous passengers intend to conquer the world. When we left him last month, our hero had taken shelter in a deserted house.

THE SKIRMISH

Adapted from H. G. WELLS
The War of the Worlds
Illustrated
by SERGEI KRAVCHENKO
Continued from No. 1, 1988



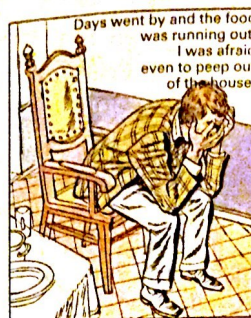
The Martians set up camp next to the house where I was hiding. I watched them through a crack in the wall as they skilfully put together tripods and other war machines.



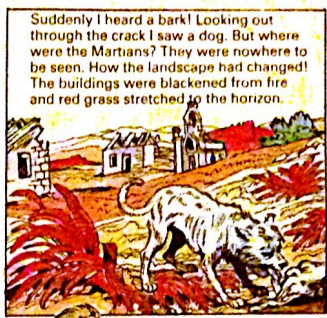
There turned out to be a supply of food and water in the house. Once, though, I accidentally dropped a jar of jam. It hit the floor and broke. Oh no! The Martians had heard the noise!



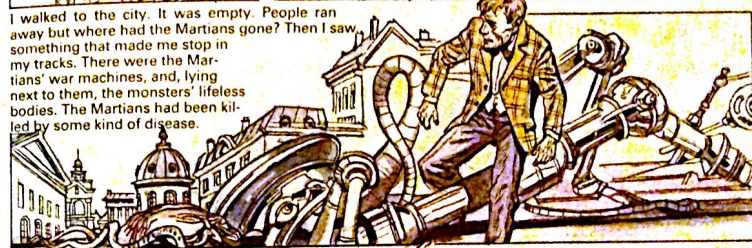
A tripod came towards the house to investigate and put out a metal tentacle. I dashed for the cellar and buried myself in the coal pile. The tentacle came after me! It touched my shoe. Was this the end? For a minute everything was quiet. Then the tentacle picked up a piece of coal and left. Saved!



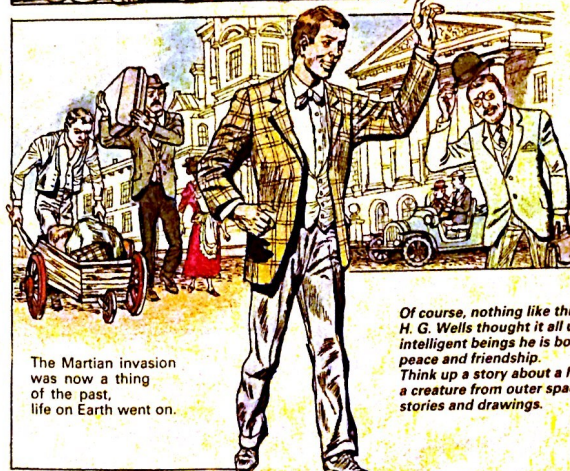
Days went by and the food was running out. I was afraid even to peep out of the house.



Suddenly I heard a bark! Looking out through the crack I saw a dog. But where were the Martians? They were nowhere to be seen. How the landscape had changed! The buildings were blackened from fire and red grass stretched to the horizon.



I walked to the city. It was empty. People ran away but where had the Martians gone? Then I saw something that made me stop in my tracks. There were the Martians' war machines, and, lying next to them, the monsters' lifeless bodies. The Martians had been killed by some kind of disease.



I hurried happily homeward. Along the way I started running into people. They were going back to their homes, too. At last I saw my house. Hurray, it was undamaged!

The Martian invasion was now a thing of the past, life on Earth went on.

Of course, nothing like this ever really happened. H. G. Wells thought it all up. If man encounters other intelligent beings he is bound to live with them in peace and friendship. Think up a story about a human who meets a creature from outer space. Misha awaits your stories and drawings.

HOW? WHY? WHAT?

"WHAT KIND OF MIRACLES OCCUR?"

asks NASTIA SIVITSKAYA
of Moscow

THE BIGGEST MIRACLE

The question our young reader from Moscow sent us is answered by YURI OVCHINNIKOV, Vice-President of the USSR Academy of Sciences

Kids, do you believe in miracles? I do. And do you know which miracle I think is the biggest of all? Life!

Isn't it amazing that when you put a seed in the ground a plant comes up? Or that the stem that just pushed its way up through soil converts water and air into complex substances? To make chemical changes like them at a factory you have to have mountains of equipment, temperatures at hundreds or even thousands of degrees.

And what an intricate and perfect thing our brain is! If you were to hook up all the computers in the world so that they worked together they would still be "slower" than human brain.

The branch of science I work in is called bio-organic chemistry. It studies substances that are only found in living things—plants, microbes, animals and, of course, man. We all have hundreds of thousands of the tiniest particles or molecules in our bodies that are constantly interacting and changing. Every second, millions of chemical reactions occur. And just think, everything that happens in your body can be explained by chemistry! Why we move and where we get our energy from. Why different substances have different smells. How we're able to smell them. How plants make use of the sun's warmth. Scientists have discovered all these secrets. You can find them out from science books when you get a little older.

Let's go back to the seed put in soil. If you plant a kernel of maize—and it is, in fact, a seed—you always get a maize plant, and not an oat plant or, say, a daisy. Why? Biochemistry has discovered the answer to that question, too. It turns out that each living cell contains a special substance where all the information about the plant or animal is recorded in a chemical code. If you know the code you can correct what is recorded there. By doing this, scientists have made some bacteria produce valuable medicines.

In 1828, German scientist Friedrich Wöhler took



something that was non-living and got a substance out of it that was only found in living things. Since then biochemists have learnt a lot. Our science helps fight sickness and come up with better varieties of farm plants and breeds of animals. So that we'll get better harvests and more food. So that people will live better.

Interview conducted by
BELLA YERMOLAEVA
Drawings by ANATOLY DUBOVIK

TELEGRAMS FROM KNOW-ALL



An unusual parachute has been developed in West Germany. It has a propeller and small engine. With this parachute, a jumper can go up as well as down.

At the aeronautics centre at a university in Colorado, USA, the amazing abilities of ordinary dragonflies are being studied. These insects can fly straight upwards, increase speed instantly and hang motionless in the air.



In the far northern town of Pevek in Chukotka, USSR, scientists are finding out how firm ice is with the help of data from satellites and maps of bear tracks. The ice is especially firm where there are no bear tracks.

A real "ant capital" is located on the Japanese Island of Hokkaido. The 45,000 anthills that make up the "city" are linked by roads. Scientists have figured out that this unusual capital has 360 million "inhabitants".



THE DOVE'S GIFT

An Indian folk-tale
illustrated
by LEVON KHACHATRIAN

In a little shack at the edge of the village lived the poor peasant Kizhavan. He had no family, but all the animals of the forest were his friends. Not only that, he knew their language.



One day Kizhavan was strolling in the woods. All of a sudden he heard a voice crying, "Help!" He turned around and saw a dove with a drooping wing. Kizhavan picked the helpless bird up and



carried it home. "You can live with me until you get better," he said. "Only, it's too bad I don't have anything I can feed you."



"Don't worry," the dove replied. "A big mango tree grows in the forest. In the hollow of the tree you'll find some rice." Kizhavan went into the forest, found the tree and looked in the hollow. There lay



a handful of rice, surrounded by diamonds. "I don't need them," the peasant thought. "Riches go hand in hand with envy and malice."



Kizhavan gave the dove the rice. The dove stood looking at the little pile. "Why didn't you keep



anything for yourself?" it asked. "So you'd have enough," the peasant replied. "I'll be okay."



The dove pecked at the rice and was healed. It flew up to Kizhavan, a ring set with a stone in its beak. "Please accept my gift," it said. "Put the ring on



your finger and all your wishes will be fulfilled." And Kizhavan did. "I'd like a little milk and bread now," he said.



The words were barely out of his mouth when a plate of fresh bread and a cup of milk appeared on the table. Kizhavan ate, and crumbled up the



bread that was left over for the dove. He lived happily ever after. Everything he needed he was given by the ring—the dove's gift.



MISHA'S
GUEST

ASTRID LINDGREN WHO NEVER TRIES TO TEACH

Kids and grown-ups alike know and love Pippi Longstocking, Karlsson, Roni and many of the other characters from the books by ASTRID LINDGREN. At our request ALEXANDER SICHEV went to see the famous Swedish author and invited her to visit MISHA.

I mount the stairs to the second floor of an old house on Dalagatan Street in Stockholm. Astrid Lindgren, who was waiting in the doorway of her apartment to greet me, has kind eyes and moves with amazing ease and grace. To think that she is already eighty!

"I try to write books that I would find interesting to read," she says. "Then, I hope, children won't be bored either."

Astrid Lindgren was born in a small rural community. She had loving parents who treated each other and the children with kindness and consideration. To get to school each day Astrid had to walk several kilometres. She did well at writing compositions. "Why, you're a budding authoress!" the teacher praised her.

CHILDREN AND PARENTS

"Granddad, when you were in first form did you solve the problems yourself or did someone tell you the answers?" Sergei asked.

"I solved them myself, of course. It's wrong to give somebody the answers."

"Then solve this problem for me, please, and I won't give you even the tiniest hint."

Paulina came home from school and cheerfully announced: "Now I know all the letters! I'm not going to read any more. I'm going to make everything up myself!"

Gena ate spoonful after spoonful of jam when no one was looking and then, sensing that he would be punished, brought a spoonful to his Grandpa.

"Have some!"

Grandpa tasted it, and Gena's eyes grew big. "Uh-oh! Now we're both going to get it from Grandma!"

"That prophesy was made in jest, but it accidentally came true," Astrid Lindgren laughs.

She did not become a writer straightaway, though. For many years she typed for her husband. In the evenings she would tell her children stories. Somehow she never had the time to write any of them down. But then, in the winter of 1944, Astrid Lindgren slipped on the ice and broke her leg. To drive boredom away while she was laid up, she began writing down her stories: her daughter's birthday was coming up and she decided to put together a book for her. Astrid's daughter talked her mother into sending the book to a publisher. And that is how the children of Sweden, and then of other countries came to make the acquaintance of Pippi Longstocking. Astrid Lindgren was almost forty at the time. However, since then she has given kids a new storybook, play or film scenario just about every year.

"I never try to teach children, to tell them what's good and what's bad," she says. "My job is to tell them what life's like, and they should draw their own conclusions. Children need to be taken seriously, even the very youngest, they need to be talked to as equals. And they should always be told the truth."

Astrid Lindgren is still working hard, writing scenarios for plays and films and putting out illustrated books. From them children learn to be kind, fair and wise—the very words that describe the author so well.

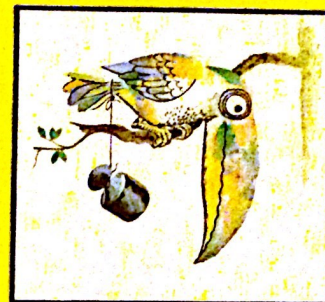
Stockholm (by telephone)

Drawing by TATIANA ILYINA

Oleg tossed and turned, unable to get to sleep. "Why aren't you asleep?" his mother asked. "I can't because I'm having a funny dream."

Dmitry looked out at the bare trees and said dreamily: "Soon the snow will melt and little green leaves will come flying back..."

Compiled by LUDMILA OSTRUN
and YEVGENI OBUKHOV



MISHA's Little Teases

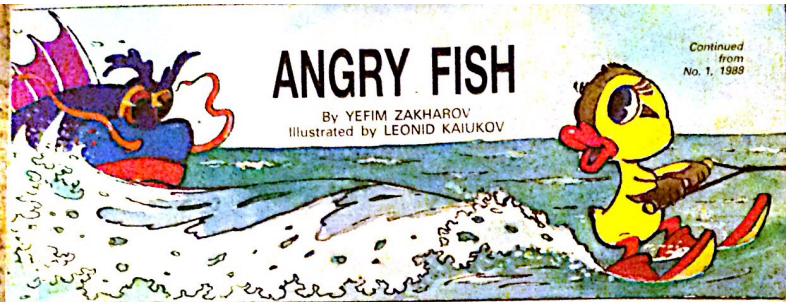
Drawings by VICTOR SAVILOV



ANGRY FISH

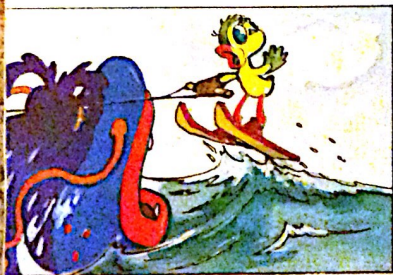
By YEFIM ZAKHAROV
Illustrated by LEONID KAIUKOV

Continued
from
No. 1, 1988

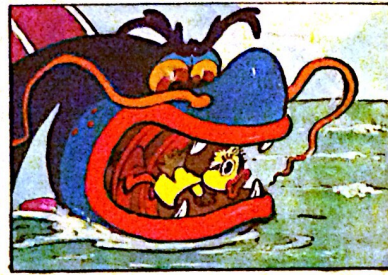


Fish was sweetly slumbering on the bottom of the sea, when she was awakened by a gang of playful water skiers. Furious, Fish began to chase them.

She wasn't able to catch Heron, Calf or Hedgehog, so she gave up on them and rushed after Duckling.



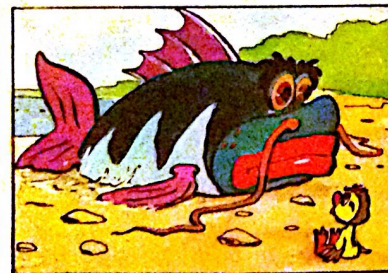
Duckling flew into Fish's gaping jaws. "Breakfast!" Fish thought. But the skis jammed in her mouth.



Panting from the effort, Fish began to bring her jaws together.



The skis were bent further and further until they were two bows. Fish relaxed her jaws for a moment and out shot Duckling, like an arrow! He



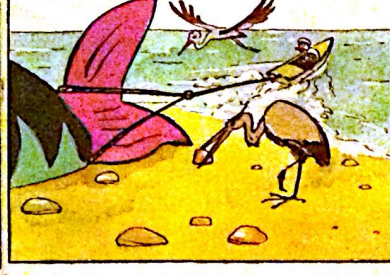
flew through the air and landed with a splash not far from the shore. Fish leapt after him, but missed and came down on the sand.



There she lay, thrashing her tail, tears rolling down her cheeks. Oh, how she wanted to be at home, under her snag! The kids felt sorry for Fish. They began fetching pails of water and pouring them



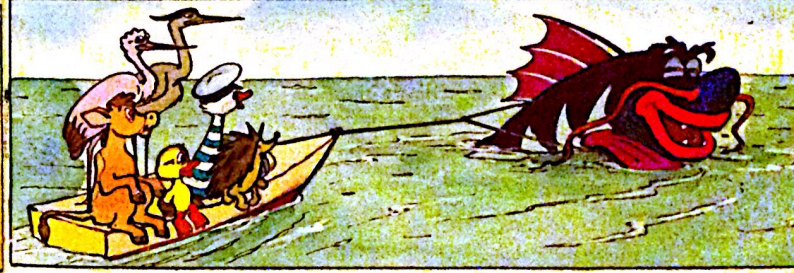
over her. But it was of no use. Just then the motorboat came in to shore, and Gosling cast them a line.



The little animals tied the line around Fish's tail. Gosling gunned the motor but Fish didn't budge. Calf put his head against Fish's forehead,



Hedgehog and Duckling took hold of the line. By all pitching in they got Fish back into the water. "And I chased them, too. Stupid me!" she thought.



The kids were all set to go out on the water again. They put on their skis, but, when they tried to start the motorboat nothing happened. "I'll help them,"

Fish decided, and, grabbing the line in her mouth, she towed the boat and the whole merry crew.



How many clowns are taking part in the show?



Which of the equipment can these young builders use?



THE OBEDIENT HOOP

This month's lesson is taught by gymnast OLGABICHEROVA, former world and European champion

Remember how obedient the hoop is in the hands of a gymnast? Well, make friends with it and you, too, can make it and your body do what you want.

A Visit to Auntie Owl

Hold the hoop with one hand. To climb into the "hollow" you'll have to catch it with your other hand. Otherwise you won't get in to see her.

Happy Birthday, Chick!

Put the hoop on the floor, stand in the middle, and raise the hoop to your knees. It's time for the chick to climb out of its shell. Step over the hoop, raising your feet high. Don't fall!

The Top

You can only do this exercise on a very smooth floor. Sit on the floor in the middle of the hoop with your legs straight out in front of you. Raise your legs, push off with your hands and spin. Make a full circle, and make sure your legs don't touch the hoop!

Wild Horse

Sitting in the middle of the hoop, put your hands on the floor in front of you. Kick your legs out, beyond the hoop. Then hop back in the hoop.

THIS AND THAT



What is the best route to the animals of the forest if you are going to pick up the food each likes best along the way?

Which jug has honey and which sour cream?



Which spool has more thread?



MISHA
Children's
Illustrated
Monthly

Published
by SOVIET UNION
magazine

Editor-in-Chief:
NIKOLAI GRIBACHEV

Founded in July 1983

Managing Editor:
MIKHAIL SHPAGIN

Chief Artist:
VALENTIN ROZANTSEV
This issue was designed
with the help
of NIKOLAI SHCHERBAKOV

Editorial office:
8, Ulitsa Moskva, Moscow,
103772, USSR
Printed at
the Preva
Printing Plant.

We request due
acknowledgement
of anything reprinted
or reproduced from
the magazine

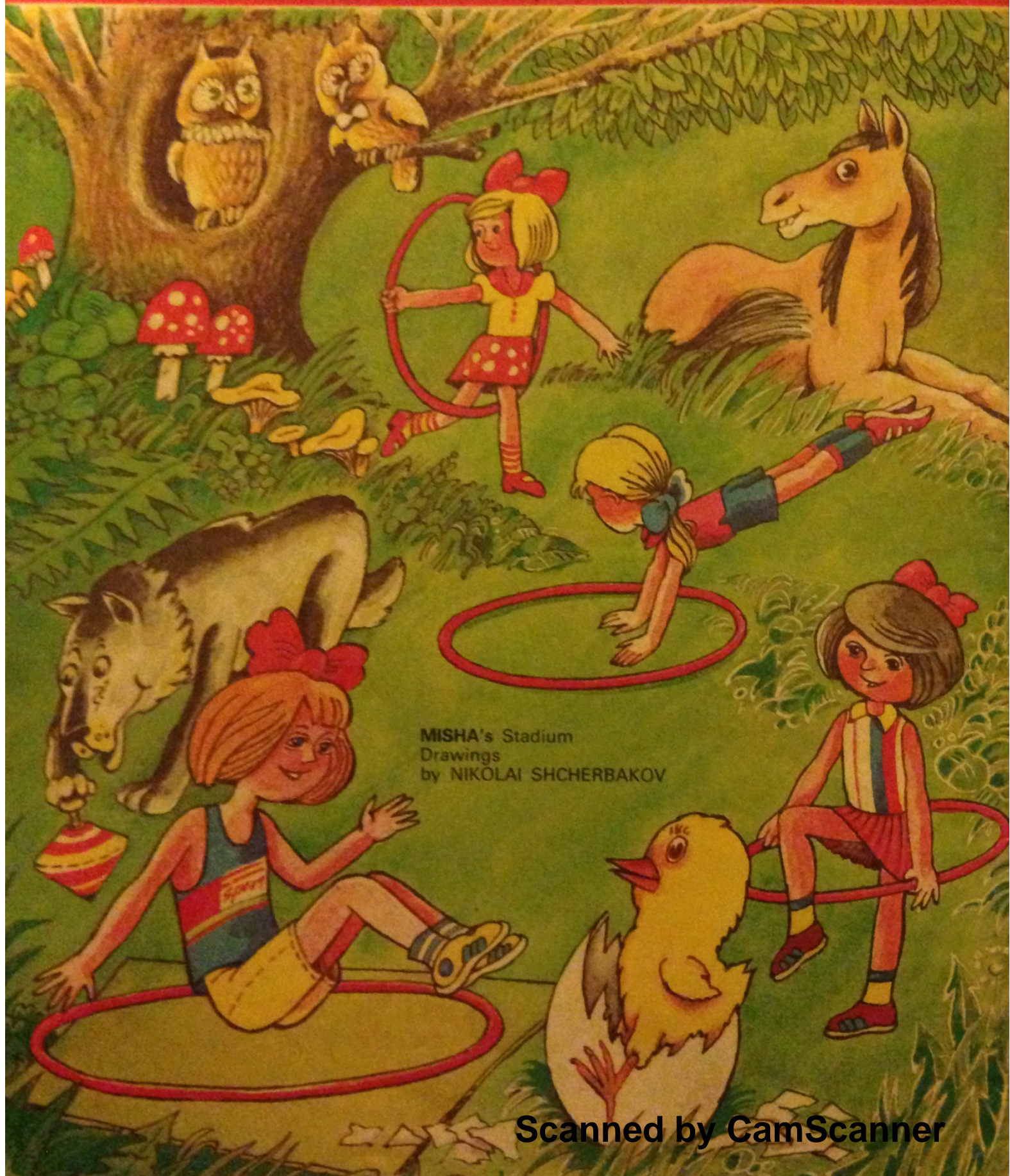


MISHA

CHILDREN'S
ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY

2/1988

Published in English, French, German, Hungarian, Italian, Russian and Spanish



MISHA's Stadium
Drawings
by NIKOLAI SHCHERBAKOV